Lura of the Northland

A Springtime Romance of the Big Outdoors

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

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ROPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Strated from his friend. Lawrie Kaller, and without giving me a chance to defend surged. Merton Boyd finds hismest look, is in Bay country. He is half-street and wore out after his wenderings of two days at strict along which comes and wore out after his wenderings of two days as strict along which comes and in Boston. I have lived there all my life in his beauty and leake. Though her kim is itamed to make here. The way have heard of it, until two months and leak are beauty and leak are beauty to make the first strict, as is everything I have told you.

"I am tired of these suspicions. I cam prove all I have said, and I want to get on the histon Bay Company is printed, or the surged are surgicles are suspicions. I cam from home. The first surged and the surged and the first surged and the fir

tion that he never would escape to aroused.

give them trouble.

the bowman as he climbed the bank.

Soon there was a low whistle, and Merton was led to the lighted building. A door was opened and he was shoved inside.

It was not the room in which he found himself that startled him, nor was it the figure of the man who sat at a table across the stove.

It was the man's face that held his attention. The first glance had proclaimed him to be a woodsman. His skin was dressed as a woodsman. His skin was dark from the sun and tile wind, and his hands were hig, rough and hardened. As he sat in the chair his thick body and capable arms and legs were in perfect repose, but the repose was that of a sleeping cat. There was a suggestion, even in the perfect relaxation of the muscles, of power and quickness instantly available.

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"We never make the one mistake."

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"When do you intend to let me go?"

"I haven't decided that. Should I

Like his body, the man's face seemed in repose, all except the eyes. These were not the eyes of a man of action, of a man who had spent much time in the open. Neither were they the eyes at a man who evades the law. They were honest enough, but above all else they were the eyes of a scalot, the they were the eyes of a scalot, the thing, of a man who has lived for one thing, of a man whose dream aurhing, of a man whose dream aurhing the thing. thing, of a man whose dream aur-tives the utmost discouragement, and mingled with, but not quench-eyes toward the stove and thought a

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

A Reprieve.

ND then, after they had left him, they had realized that there still remained a possibility that he would live. Rather than run such a chance, they had decided to take him with them, but with the determination that he never would escape to

"I am satisfied that I have the Meanwhile the canoe had turned a right. You may contest it if you point and started across a second wish. But," and there was a significant pause, "as I was about to advise you, be careful what you do. I shore there was the twinkle of a light. In fifteen minutes the canoe had igrated on a sand beach.

"I'll see him first, Charley," said the bowman as he climbed the bank.

Soon there was a low whistle, and say."

And mingled with, but not quenching, this fire of a great seal, was the coid expression of authority and of immovable purpose.

Merton, as he saw this, wondered why this man's eyes seemed familiar. He had seen eyes like them, eyes in which firmness of purpose drove out all else. Suddenly he remembered the girl as she appeared when she found the envelope. Her eyes were like this man's.

Merton had halited in the middle of the room. The man remained seient.

"Young man." he began finally. "I always try to be fair. If I seem to be unfair to you it is because I am only being fair to my people. I will always protect them at the expense of any one else. In this case I feel justified in taking a chance. If you speak the truth, you are different from any man I ever saw. Perhaps there are such men. I have no means of knowing. I will take the chance that you are truthful, but we will

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The strain of th